

I forded it by a broad ford where crystal-green water glides calmly over brown and red pebbles, with a willow-shaded margin, and as I crossed a flock of long-bearded goats swam and jumped from rock to rock from the other side, the whole scene an artist's dream. This valley has magnificent pasturage, hay not yet "sun cured"/³ long grass, and abundant clover and vetches brightened by a profuse growth of a small *helianthus*.

The march over the Gokun Pass and down to the G-okun river is the worst I ever made. Had the track been in Ladak or Lahoul it would have been marked on the Government maps "impassable for laden animals." Tet Hadji's splendid mules, held at times by both head and tail, accomplished it, and only minor disasters occurred. One mule had his head gashed, Mirza had a bad fall, and broke my milk bottle, Hassan, leading his own horse, fell twenty feet with the animal and cut his arm, the ridge pole of my tent was broken, and is with difficulty bandaged so as to hold, and some of the other baggage was damaged. Hadji grumbles politely, and says that "in all time loaded mules were never taken over such tracks," and I believe him. Aziz says that I must be "tired of life," or I should never ride over them, and certainly *Screw* carried me at the peril of His life and mine.

The camps are pitched for Sunday at an altitude of 8000 feet, high above the river—mine under the befriending shade of a colossal natural sphinx, so

remarkable
that two photographs and a sketch by Mirza
were taken
of it. It confronted us in a startling way, a
grand man's
head with a flowing wig and a legal face, much
resembling
the photographs of Lord Chancellor
Hatherley.

The mules have been poorly fed for the last
few days,
and it is pleasant to see them revelling in
the abundant
pasturage. After this tremendous nine
hours' march they